And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes
Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true ---
Yet I, for meere suspition in that kind,
Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
To get this place, and to make vp my will,
A double knauery --- how, how, --- let me see,
After some time, to abuse *Othellos* eare,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
The Moore a free and open nature too,
That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bi'h nose --- as Asses are:
I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light.

Exit.

Actus 2.

Scœna 1.

Enter Montanio, *Gouernor of* Cypres, *with two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

VVHat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood;
I cannot twixt the hauen and the mayne
Descry a saile.

Mon. Me thinkes the wind does speake aloud at land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it ha ruffian so vpon the sea.
What ribbes of Oake, when the huge mountaine melts,

Can

Can hold the mortles, --- What shall we heare of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* Fleete:
For doe but stand vpon the banning shore,
The chiding billow seemes to pelt the cloudes,
The winde thak'd surge, with high and monstrous mayne,
Seemes to cast water, on the burning Beare,
And quench the guards of th'euer fired pole,
I neuer did, like molestation view,
On the inchafed flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleete
Be not inshelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impossible they beare it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Newes Lords, your warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turke*,
That their designement halts: Another shippe of *Venice* hath seene
A greeuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of the Fleete.

Mon. How, is this true?

3 *Gent.* The shippe is heere put in:
A Veronessa, *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,
Is come ashore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cypres*,

Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy Gouernour.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, tho he speake of comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe, for they were parted,
With foule and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray Heauen he be:
For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Souldier:
Lets to the sea side, ho,
As well to see the vessell that's come in,